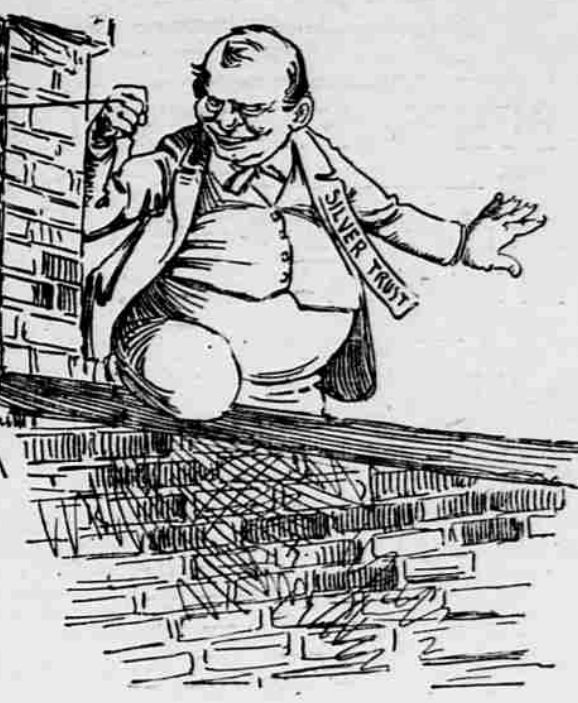
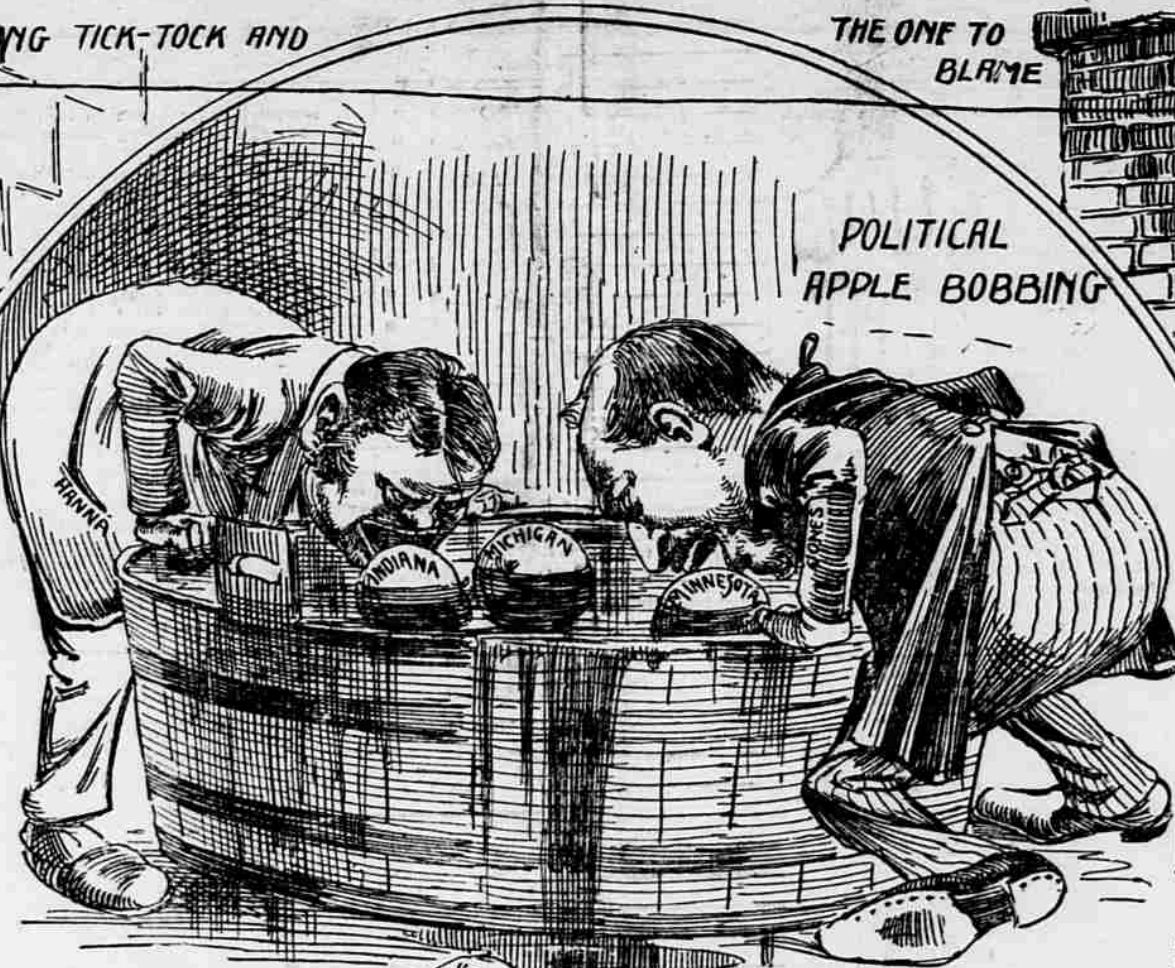


WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 25, 1896.



IN THE HALLOWEEN CAMERA

Sensational Hobgob ins of the Summer Tide Are Laid to Rest.

TIP FROM ABDUL HAMID

Secretary Morton's Remedy to Prevent the Silver Bug From Destroying Spring Wheat and Other Cereals.

We beg leave to announce the discovery of a fiendish goldbug plot, which mediates not only a crime against the silverbugs, but which proposes to destroy one of the most cherished traditions of the Christian religion.

It is only fair to say that the Western Senators have had some shadowy misgivings that something dreadful would occur during the few days just prior to the election, but they have been, as yet, unable to locate it.

Our information comes direct that the gold trust has entered into a conspiracy to eliminate Halloween from the calendar and substitute therefor a new festival, to be known as Flag Day.

The object of this scheme is apparent. It is now fast approaching the time when unnumbered ghosts will walk and stalk in the columns of the newspapers. It has been ordained by a small-wise Providence that we shall all have troubles of our own on November 3, when the real work will begin of revising the electoral arithmetic, and showing in what respect our errors of political judgment can be fairly attributed to what happened on, and not before election day.

As we said, these ghosts that are to return to haunt us are to get up and dust for this planet on the evening of Flag Day. It is Halloween, and no plot of bearded Rothschild, whiskered Baring, or any other old thing in the gold business, aided and abetted by Hanna and his ilk, should be permitted to change the church calendar. SHATTERING CHERISHED TRADITIONS

It is all well enough to have a Flag Day, but if it will interfere with the annual show of ghosts, hobgoblins, and other hot stuff from the hereafter, we protest with a protest in our own original package, yellow label.

As there is divine injunction for sticking to the troubles of our own, it would be well to issue at the outset some clearing-house certificates for a few of the raw-heads and bloody bones which have afflicted the public for the last two weeks, fourteen days in advance of their advent as per the bills.

We would direct special attention to some correspondence recently had with the foreign powers. We give only the re-

plies to our inquiries on behalf of the Washington and New York press:

"Sir, His Sublime Porte objects to the word 'blood-kurding' in your protocol of October 6. He, however, begs me to assure you that no women over eighteen years of age have been massacred or otherwise killed in the recent outrages of the Armenians against the Ottoman throne.

"His Portness also begs me to say that he will not under any circumstances fire personally on the Bancroft at the present range. The Dardanelles is wide open, being closed merely on the land end, which latter fact has been repeatedly denied in New York.

"The son of the missing member of the Seven Stars also begs me to say that the policy of the Dreibund vs. the Zweibund is known in Europe as the Harem Scarem. Both the Dreibund and the Zweibund are doing the Scarem, while His Porte is sublimely continuing to do the Harem.

"Yes, as ever,

"SÜREDDIN ALI BABA."

We hope to be able to present in our quicer cartoon on St. Patrick's Day a facsimile of the stylus with which N. A. Bata wrote the above writing, and also a snap shot of the little Russian dog which at the time of writing sat in a Turkish in the angle chamber.

ANOTHER BASELESS RUMOR.

Another theory that needs a givernine plaster to ally its virulence is that engagement of the boy orator as a Trespian. It is absolutely untrue that he ever played in East Lynn, Mass., or that he impersonated Frank Levison on a clock on the First National Bank of Omaha.

We have, however, been enabled, after diligent search, to establish the fact that he was one of the two characters on the battlement at Elsinore. We do not know who was the ghost or who was Hamlet. A complete expose of the facts will be given on page 1 as a curtain-raiser on the morning of November 4.

There have been some so hypercritical—those who make money by the week writing up melodramas—as to say that wheat rose from the dead recently and back-capped the lines of our Hamlet of the rising river of the West. We do not undertake to vouch for any of the reports, but we do know that there has already been so much misrepresentation on the subject at both Congressional headquarters that it is now impossible to tell which is Hamlet and which is the shade of his esteemed parent.

Furthermore, it was not Audubon or John Tyndal, but Secretary Morton, who discovered Scarabaeus Argentatus, or in English, the silver bug. He also discovered the test means of keeping this insect, also called the wheat bug, out of the wheat crop. No chemicals are used. He has simply surrounded the wheat fields with the relict of the Confederate States army on horseback. The wheat crop of next year will be good, for was it not Edmund Burke or Dean Swift, both now ghosts, who said that he was a greater benefactor to East Lynn, Mass., who could make two silver dollars where there was only one before, than Frank Levison, who could double the production of wheat in



Iowa, or corn whisky in Kentucky. O. E. D.

Society of the Metropolitan city has been stirred up considerably over the numerical strength of the Montenegro royal family in girls, and the report by our own Hometalk cable that another of the girls is to visit New York this winter. Witness the following under the proper hand and seal:

"Sir: Proposition received too late. He-ene was the only girl and was promised to the Prince of Naples before receipt of your note. Madame Montenegro requests me to say that she is not raising young ladies for the foreign trade.

"Yours, etc., GIORGIO PALEOLOGO, "Pr. Sec."

"Sir: The kodak misrepresentation of a piece of the ark portrayed in the New York Journal is a fake of the first, in fact, the original, water in which the Ark was towed ashore.

"Yours respectfully,

"PATRAS PATRISTO,

"Patriarch of Anatolia."

"Sir: The engraving of the veiled prophet of Abyssinia, who has been expected for 4,000 years, but who has not yet appeared, is the engraving—as given in last Sunday's New York Universe, a splendid piece of work. It was done by a special artist on the spot. The likeness is perfect. Yours,

"YUSEF DERVISH."

HE DID NOT WRITE IT.

"Honored sir: I did not write the Watson letter in its entirety. I, however, made some comments on the Herren Watson-Jones-Batter, on the independent, concurrent, unlimited transportation of raw silver, which I understand have been obscured by over rendition by Judge Cuberson into the English of the principality of Texas. I positively did not say that 'Tom Watson should go to Canosa.' I said Chicago. I said nothing about Mr. Jones. I don't know him. Prost, BISMARCK."

"P. S.—Please send the new charts, diagrams, etc., of my previous letter. B."

"Sir: In answer to your polite inquiry as to the contents of my letter to either Chicago or Washington, I would say that we produce watermelons in Georgia in the summer time. No, the peanut crop will not be affected by the rise in wheat. Have you seen the letter? Yours on the way to Kansas.

Honestly, we think that we have in this correspondence disabused the public mind of some egregious errors which have been implanted therein by the canards of the season. Just as there are and have been false prophets, there are and will be false visions at Halloween. But there are some pictures that will be burned into the brain beyond erasure.

Behold the chaste mother of Democracy as she steals away to the cellar on Flag Night, as the Gold Trust calls it. See now, with trembling hand, she holds the wax candle in the silver stick and takes a coy glance into the mirror. It is not Hamlet she beholds, but the ghost of Carlton. Madame Democracy is not a pretty woman at present. She is passed. She passed every good sleeping place on the road to

Another Fiendish Plot of the Gold Bugs Is Her in Exposed.

X RAISE OF FIELD CROPS

Bismarck and He'ene's Mother Settle Some Mooted Questions—What Tom Watson Really Said in That Letter.

the White House. She didn't even get off at Buffalo. She is now the apothecary of an idea that undertook a contract to do the universe in a sleeping car. Peace to her bones, likewise her ashes.

SOME OTHER VISIONS.

From the awful presence of the graveyard and the tracks of midnight rabbits, we turn to the most magnificent Bobbers the world ever saw, Mr. J. Kismet Jones, and Mr. Mike Hanna. There is a study of the sublime and beautiful! And also in physics.

For instance, are chin whiskers and a Napoleon a better lever to catch a Minnesota swimming apple than a bartered pizza to retain the elusive pippin of Indiana? Those who wish to contend for the prize answer to this problem may refer to Sir Isaac Newton's Principia, in which he discusses the apple from the points of view of gravitation, and flotation with footnotes by the halfback of Columbian University.

Perhaps one of the most amusing of all the forthcoming Halloween ghosts will be the specter of the "Great Democratic Landslide of 1894 in West Virginia." It was current in the October number of Faulkner's Magazine of that year. This landslide lost its job doing the living pictures for Democracy early in November, 1894, but we are glad to see that it is out again and doing fairly well. The sarcophagus has already arrived at a certain headquarters and rattles as if it were chock full of landslides and things for the November issue.

ANTE-ELECTION REMORS.

Finally, everywhere we hear the wheels of industry, a very bad case of wheels we think, but they are wheels all the same. We also hear a few remarks about the girls in the factories, and we have heard a song about the empty dinner pail and meals and chimneys that don't smoke. The latter we regard as a positive blessing as we are a farmer ourself, and have had some experience with the Henry Clay chimney and the smoking meal of Jeffersonian simplicity.

We have accepted the invitation of the other side in this fight to touch off on Halloween night, the button which will start the wheels, the looms, fill up the dinner pails and the factory girls, make daisies bloom in December at Rosslyn, Jackson City and Hades, raise prices, double wages, inaugurate a universal bank account, and continue to sit on the fence completely off the grass.

Our solution of the simultaneous rise and fall of wheat will appear on the third Sunday in November. No rascal shall go unwhiskered whether he wears whiskers or a silk hat.

